

Tuesday - April

Dearest Diana

Thanks for your lovely long gossipy letter. Sweetheart, you know the universities in Canada have 3-4 weeks holiday for Easter, and obviously Barry is driving about during this time, and I suppose if anyone hasn't got time to write to his beloved, is when he is driving about with his wife and both not being right of each other for more than a couple of minutes. He was unable to write, remember, for nearly a month since he left until he regained his life a bit. No no, two or three weeks is not worrying time yet. It is true he is not the type we see as being a good driver - probably because, as you say, his reflexes are not (or one might say they are not) those of a 'good' driver which means that he will rub his mudguard against a lamp post, or back the headlights going into a garage, but usually not having a real accident, 'cause he doesn't rely on his reflexes as is aware he is driving. I am a terrific driver - fantastic reflexes, which means that I am 80% more liable to be involved in a fatal accident than is Barry. So there.

Oh dear, oh dear about Betty. The whole thing is so saddening, particularly saddening because her downfall and infuriating behaviour is so common and stupid. I am so terribly sorry to think of her going out to work (she won't keep it up) - yes, of course the end of whatever friendship she had with this Recrator, who, however un-imaginative he is, ~~was~~ must be very generous offering her a job. She could be of great help in choosing furniture and clothes for people - she still has marvellous taste, but not going 10-17.00 housewife type job.

she did start this lack of throwing names about when we were in Brighton, but then Sarah was still alive and she didn't really feel called upon to do so. But we did have a terrible row about it now, and I nearly left the flat. I am so undiplomatic and sometimes so intolerant and unsympathetic ... but I know I couldn't stand such a thing, even from her. Entre nous, toi et moi, I am dreading seeing her in this state. She and Samir never bothered to answer my letters, although it is true that Mika did write regularly.

I liked this business of 1. Nikola Kintal 1 + 4
2. Benyl Atahahan

It was very funny to read. I read his piece in the Observer about the 'Corp' in Ghana, and then an extract from his book in the Statesman, and it seems very good. I am looking forward to meeting him.

Weather has been most horrible all the time, except that the garden is still beginning ^{to look} beautiful as ever. With Franix at it the whole day long, bless her a thousand times.

I hardly go out at all during the week - early to the building site, return at 6.30 exhausted, read, bath and to bed, but on week-ends I am usually with Peter Schels in Düsseldorf, going to the theatre, or to exhibitions and/or discussing books. It's marvellous to find someone like him here. He doesn't, of course, realise how lonely he is with his knowledge, he can't imagine a lad full of Dianas and Barbaras and Bob's and Brenda's and Barry's. But he shall come for a while to London, as he is doing his doctor thesis on British law, and then you shall get to know him. One of those very good looking Germans,

but strangely shy, exceedingly well behaved and correct in all his doings. The poor chap is now turning the world upside down, trying to get me an INTERNATIONAL passport, which means I can travel and stay in any country I want who is signature to a certain Geneva agreement (including U.K.). According to him I am intitled to it, and he is carrying on a lengthy correspondence with the ministry of interior about it. In the meantime he takes me to a large trial going on in Durreldorf about ex Nazis. There I sit, Diana, unable to believe my ears, my ~~eye~~ eyes popping out of my face. I am so worked up at the end of the session, I am actually sick.

The Judge to the witness: (witness, mind you).

"and how many children did you have?"

The witness - very well dressed, expensive, his Mercedes waiting downstairs

"about 33 children"

the Judge "witnesses say you have an average of 10 a day for a month - which means about 300 ..."

The Defence: you know, this witness has already been to trial and passed his sentence in ^{prison} ~~prison~~. I advise him not to answer this question as he might incriminate himself ...

The witness is a rich man now. He was, in '45 condemned to 10 years, served 6 of them, and now is a free man again ...

But this goes on and on and on, with one witness after the other, having committed most atrocious things - these free and terrible perogues (they have their

own organisation, and I doubt if the free Nazi
criminal isn't at once pushed to a top executive
job once he terminates his sentence. And to think
that I might have drunk with these bastards or played
cards with them. Oh, but it is sickening. And why
should I I be particularly so ~~not~~ made sick
about it? I can't understand.

Peter has a lovely girl friend called Mirka. She is
also a lawyer. But she is very mondaine, speaks French
and English, having been brought up in France and
Switzerland, her mother is Russian, and she has this style
of living and humour, which is no un-German -- free
and relaxed and 'Grand-monde', we get on very well
together. I cooked them a delicious meal last Friday -
and if there was anyone at all missing, it was you.
Oh, when am I going to come and cook for you?
-- and leave this scummy country? Now, I feel, is the
perfect time for me to come. I am cheerful, happy,
and am just looking forward to be with you in London.
But, of course, you know me. I should have come as
soon as I received that cheque. All my fault, of course,
and those Bloody T.V. people. But I am hoping for
some miracle.

I have so much I want to write about Germany, but
how does one get an article, or a series of articles
published? I am so bloody hopeless and stupid about
this. I feel I am imposing when I send such a
thing or such a request to a paper. For example, I
feel "The Guardian has always been so nice to me,
I am not going to abuse of their kindness". I know
it is madness, but that is how I feel. Should I
send them to one of the many agents who wrote to me
when my book was published? or perhaps your

agent, the one who you said was very good? Do you think
it worth it? or?

How was your Easter? you didn't tell me about it. I spent
mine with Peter of course, but did drive down one
day and visit Bob and Madeleine in their lovely forest
house. Oh yes: I was a bit late paying me rent
this month, in fact only paid it yesterday. Anyway, just
before Easter, I was driving down to Durseldorf, without
much money (about 10 D.M.) in my pocket. Somehow I opened
my wallet, and found another 20 D.M. note in it. ???
it is not me, or my state not to know how much I have, and
oh anyway, I keep my money in my pocket, and the
wallet is only for the car papers. Great perplexity. Then
yesterday, paying my rent or lost, I suddenly asked Mrs
Mix: "Listen Did you put 20 D.M. in my wallet?"
... she hesitated and hesitated ... "well" she started ...
... I felt you were a bit broke -- and -- and " Oh, she

is so sweet.
By the way, I hope you'll keep the Magic Box until
I come -- I'll try and fix it, because then the Football
is on, and I am a Football fanatic. And if you ever
hear of any tickets for the World championship going, grab
them please. But I can see myself sitting in front of your
Magic Box, a bottle of beer and nuts -- ah, the delicious
simple things of life.

Love and love
Waguit
XXXXXXX